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THE MAID OF THE FARM; O R, M E M O I R S O F SUSANNAH JAMES:

C O N T A I N I N G,

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| <p>I. The character of Lord Thaley, and his perfidious friend Sir Tho. Thoward.</p> <p>II. The education and character of the good farmer James, and his beautiful daughter Susannah.</p> <p>III. The particulars of Lord Thaley falling in love with the amiable Susannah, and the growth of their mutual passion for each other.</p> <p>IV. Lord Thaley comes up to London, to cure the wound Susannah had made in his heart.</p> <p>V. Farmer James uses every means to persuade Lord Thaley from marrying his daughter Susannah.</p> <p>VI. By the treachery of Sir Thomas Thoward, Susannah is possessed by Thaley, under the mask of a false marriage.</p> <p>VII. Lord Thaley ruins and abandons the beautiful Susannah.</p> <p>VIII. The perfidious Thoward and Lord Thaley come up to town, and give into</p> | <p>all scenes of riot and debauchery.</p> <p>IX. Lord Thaley marries a rich lady, with whom he goes abroad and is miserable.</p> <p>X. Farmer James and his family reduced to the most shocking state of poverty and distress.</p> <p>XI. Lady Thaley dies, when he and Thoward return again to London, to their usual haunts of riot and dissipation.</p> <p>XII. The perfidious Thoward is killed in a duel, by an officer, who revenges the cause of the unfortunate Susannah.</p> <p>XIII. Lord Thaley repents of his crimes, and goes in pursuit of Susannah.</p> <p>XIV. Affecting scene at the meeting of Lord Thaley and Susannah.</p> <p>XV. Lord Thaley and Susannah are married, and spend the remainder of their days in happiness.</p> |
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MEMOIRS

Sarah O F *Prichard*

SUSANNAH JAMES, &c.



ORD THALEY was arrived at that age, in which the passions begin to struggle with reason for the conquest. He possessed an honest soul, and had much sensibility. An elevated rank, an ample fortune, the society of what the world call the polite, and an easiness of temper that readily submits to every impression, were in Lord Thaley, as they are in every one else, the enemies of reason and sentiment, and for a while stifled in him that purity of soul, which, when he stopped, but for a moment, the career of dissipation, and listened to its gentle admonitions, always brought him back to truth and virtue. He shone among the first who dissipated their fortunes at New-market, and no one joined with more grace and agility in the pursuit of the fox. In a word, he was the

model for the beaux of his day, and distinguished himself by the affability of his temper, and the agreeableness of his person. To complete the whole, he possessed a very fine estate in the county of Essex.

Sir Thomas Thoward was always one of his party. This gentleman possessed an advantageous figure, and a seducing address; he was the most eloquent professor of vice, and knew how to embellish it with the most alluring charms; pleasure dropped from his lips, and it was impossible for Thaley to withstand the temptation. A youthful and animated soul is dependant on the senses, and easily receives those impressions that flatter it.

Thaley having one day entertained his friends with an elegant dinner, and finding his head heated with the excess of luxuries, took a walk alone in his Park. He took a path, which insensibly conducted him to the house of his farmer, whose name was James. He entered, and all the family eagerly endeavoured to shew their joy at the honour of such a visit. The good farmer presented his children to Lord Thaley, saying, my Lord, they owe every thing to your bounty; they are devoted to your service; but never will be able to acquit the gratitude and respect their father owes you. The old man uttered these sentiments with that tone of expression which always animates true eloquence. James had from his cradle been brought up to the study of divinity, and had finished those studies at Oxford with the highest degree of reputation; but unmerited and unexpected misfortunes had forced him to embrace a more humble profession: His character, however, was sufficient to enoble the most obscure condition.

Thaley looked on the children of this honest farmer, and was struck at the sight of his youngest daughter. She was on the brink of sixteen; and

Ireland, so boasted for its beauties, could not oppose one to Sufannah. She appeared to Thaley as an angel descended upon earth; dignity of soul shone in her artless countenance, and modesty covered her cheeks with roses; her skin was of a dazzling whiteness, and her nut brown hair flowed in graceful ringlets; the fire of her eyes was irresistible, and it may in a word be said of her, that no one could see Sufannah without experiencing the two emotions of admiration and love: This last had already made a rapid progress in the heart of Lord Thaley.

Sufannah spoke: Every word darting fiery arrows into the heart of Thaley, and completed his slavery. He was going to give orders to James; but he is no longer the Lord, the master of Sufannah, of the daughter of his farmer: He utters some inarticulate expression; Sufannah had troubled him.

His Lordship returned to his house transported with love.---Ah, Thoward, it is done, I am no more master of myself! I have seen beauty, virtue, and the graces themselves; I have seen the eternal mistress of my heart. My friend, I could spend my life in adoring her, in giving her proofs of my tenderness: Nothing can be more pure, more charming!---Ah, said Thoward, with a smile of raillery, who is this adorable girl?---It is Sufannah the daughter of my farmer, born to be a queen, the sovereign of the world!---The daughter of a peasant, my dear Lord! what folly! but this is the language of lovers.

Cease, Thoward, cease to sport with me. You cannot judge of my passion; you have not seen Sufannah. Oh the angelic creature! what a figure, air, and voice! Oh! my friend, this arrow will ever remain in my heart. How shall I possess Sufannah? I shall die if I do not possess her! --What

do you say? you shall die if you do not possess the daughter of your farmer, your domestic! Ah, my poor Thaley, your head is turned, and you talk nonsense, what should hinder you from enjoying her? Speak, order her to come, and gratify your passion. She will be too happy to have it in her power to please you.---Can you Thoward harbour such thoughts? Can you think that I will load with disgrace to a family, which looks up to me for protection, that I should abuse my authority, and that the strong should crush the weak? Sufannah is too lovely to be dishonest ---Faith, my friend, love makes strange metamorphoses! But you cannot be in earnest, you cannot imagine that your Sufannah is not to be purchased. Money, my dear Thaley, money! James will be much obliged to you; and, believe me, the little Sufannah will think nothing of it ---Thoward, Thoward, you mistake the character of these people: They are virtuous: and do you think that James would sacrifice his daughter and his honour to pernicious money? No, Thoward, no, I will not rend the paternal heart; I cannot; and how should I dare to propose it? Sufannah, my friend, I must endeavour to forget her; but I love her too much to harbour a thought to her injury.---Thoward interrupted him with bursts of laughter, and ridiculed his folly.

James had given his daughter an excellent education, and her name was mentioned in many parts of Essex as an example of virtue and wisdom. One of her relations, a clergyman in the neighbourhood of the farm, had taken great pleasure in instructing her, and forming her mind, and she gave proofs of a genius superior to her age. The lessons of the clergyman, however, could not secure the heart of Sufannah from the impressions of love, and she became sensible of it at the sight of the young Lord. He often visited the farmer, and always found new charms in Sufannah. He became melancholy,

and all the pleasantry of Thoward could not draw him from that state, that melancholy, which is derived from tenderness, is perhaps a degree of voluptuous pleasure, and is the attendant on true love. Sentiment shuns dissipation and joy, it derives force from solitude, and in that situation nothing is so sweet as tears.

One day Susannah presented Thaley with a nosegay: My lord, said she to him blushing, I could wish that these flowers were of a better sort; but I have chosen them on purpose for your honour.--- Flowers from your hand, divine Susannah! I will place them to my heart!

This answer penetrated the very soul of Susannah, and her rosy cheeks instantly assumed the dye of the deepest vermillion. As soon as she was turned from him, he a thousand times kissed the flowers, and spoke to them, as though it were to Susannah herself. Do you not see, said he to Thoward, all the beauties of this nosegay? The very scent is love. Take it, admire the beauty of its colours! How delicious is its fragrance! My dear Susannah collected them, and I can see in them the touch of her finger. That rose has preserved the perfume of her breath. Oh! if her mouth had but approached it!

Thoward one day accompanied Thaley to the farmer's house: He saw Susannah; he was disconcerted; so much influence has native beauty over the most abandoned heart; and he was forced to summon every wretched principle to his assistance to discountenance the passion of Thaley. He made use of that kind of language which is considered as the accomplished ribaldry of the corrupted metropolis, and talked to the amiable villager with the most insolent familiarity. She replied; he was confounded, and turned his discourse to James. This worthy old man, awaking as it

were from a dream, lifting up his hands to heaven. looked wild, pale, disconcerted with the horrors even of death in his countenance. My children, go go. Ah, my lord, (throwing himself at the feet of Thaley, his hands clasped, and almost suffocated with sighs) what have I done that you should plot my dishonour and ruin? My dear wife, that gentleman, pointing to Thoward comes to offer us money at the price of our daughter's innocence! What a horrid offer! Can we believe any man capable of so much baseness, to prostitute that dear child we have reared, and who has seen no examples but those of virtue and innocence! My Lord, take away our lives, but leave us our honour, as that is the only blessing we have left in this world, and the only riches we possess! Ah, are we not your faithful servants! It is not your lordship who has formed this abominable design: It is you, Sir, who has given him this hateful advice. What would my Lord, his father, have said? He treated us as his children.---No, my dear James, (interrupted Thaley) I never had such an abominable idea. It is a misplaced pleasantry of my friend; James, be composed.---Ah, continued the good old man, I cannot believe, that you would withdraw from us our protection, and treat so ill the grateful wishes of those, who constantly pray for your health and happiness. As to you, Sir, (addressing himself to Thoward, who looked on him with a smile of contempt) to us your pleasantries are horrible; but, though we are poor, we have as high notions of honour as yourself. If one of our equals, added he sighing, had dared to make such infamous propositions, he should not have gone unchastised; but in you, respect forbids me.---I repeat to you, my dear James, said Thaley, that my friend had no intention of insulting you: He

meant it as a pleasantry, and I ask pardon for him. Let us begone.

Thaley fell into a state of despair, he adored Susannah, but dared not revisit her, as he equally dreaded the sight of James and his daughter. His friend hurried him from his house, dragged him up to London, and replunged him in all those follies and excesses, which the polite call Pleasures.

Susanna, when alone, a thousand Times repeated in her heart, can so amiable a person harbour Sentiments so unworthy of an honest man? it is that detestable London that has corrupted my lord: Were he always to remain here, he certainly would never think of such treacherous attempts.

Thaley in vain sought the crowd of amusements, since he had carried with him to London the arrow in his heart. The remembrance of Susannah triumphed over every thing, and destroyed the delusion of his pleasures: She was present to him at all times, and in all places.

He waited not the return of that season which invites most people of fashion from the city to the country, but flew down to his seat in Essex. His companions in London used every effort to cure him of his passion, which they represented as degrading and contemptible: A peer of Great Britain to sigh for and fall in love with a little country girl, they represented as unbecoming of his dignity. Such were the reflections they cast on him. Thaley, while intoxicated with wines of the most expensive kind, promised to forget Susannah; but, when he rose in the morning, he found his passion more violent than before.

We may naturally suppose that Thaley, when he arrived on his own estate, ran rather to the farm than to his own castle. He loved, he was timid, and he was the more amiable for it. He could not conquer that kind of embarrassment he felt at the

sight of James. As for Susannah, she had resolved to hate Thaley; but the sight of him broke all her resolutions, and he appeared more amiable than ever. She withdrew when he entered her father's house; but she gave him a look, and instantly cast down her eyes; but that look betrayed the trouble of her heart, which she could not wholly conceal. *Thaley*, on his side, made a thousand Pretences to see her; and her Presence was necessary to his Happiness.

Thaley one day met Susannah at a little distance from the farm: She appeared to him more beautiful and seducing than ever he had seen her before: She had on her head a pretty hat, ornamented with flowers, which hung down negligently on one side; her hair hung disordered in a manner more striking than all the elegance of art; her bosom was agitated, and tears trickling from her lovely eyes, stole down her cheeks of roses. It was in this enchanting situation the wretched *Thaley* accidentally saw her. She was seated at the foot of a tree, and it was easy to perceive that sorrow had taken possession of her youthful heart. *Thaley* instantly threw himself at her knees, saying, you weep, Susannah! She immediately rose, replying, my lord! He endeavoured to take hold of her hand: She precipitately withdrew it, and endeavoured to get from him, in order to regain the farm. No, lovely Susannah, you must not leave me. Ah! what have I done, my dear Susannah! what crime have I committed? Ah, my lord! let me go, let me go, that I may run to my father. He has forbidden me to speak to you. My lord, this is terrible. (added she, while tears flowed from her in abundance) to endeavour to insult our poverty! you have made my father miserable, and my friends unhappy: I have not merited this affront from your honour.

In pronouncing these last words, she turned herself towards the farm. she wept, and snatched her hand from *Thaley*, which he seized a second time. Ah, divine *Sufannah*! do not accuse me. My love only is culpable. No, never, never, be assured, had I the detestable thought of disturbing your repose: I! who respect you, who love you even to madness! And who upon earth merits more to be adored than you? Beautiful *Sufannah*, be thee mistress, be thee sovereign of *Thaley*: Dictate to him laws, and it shall be his glory to obey them.

Thaley perceived James coming towards them with an air of great discontent, and, as it were, to chastise the lovely *Sufannah*. My dear James said Lordship, I swear before you and the face of heaven, that I adore your lovely daughter. In her all the graces are united, and I shall commend myself for laying at her feet my riches, my rank, and my heart.

Sufannah blushed, raised her lovely eyes, which were swimming in tears, and, looking upon *Thaley*, thought him infinitely less criminal than her father had painted him, and then again turned them down to the earth.

Yes, continued *Thaley*, I declare to you, James, that *Sufannah* has taught me to conclude, that sentiment should prevail over prejudice. He entered the farm, and before the whole Family he added, *Sufannah* shall be my lawful wife; she shall divide with me my heart, my honours, and my possessions: She shall be the sole Mistress of my love. Receive my oaths, my adorable *Sufannah*; you see your lover and your husband at your knees.

What agitations, what transports, in the heart of *Sufannah*! What are you doing, my Lord? said James, while raising up *Thaley*. It is we who should prostrate ourselves before you, and I am truly sensible of all your bounties; but, how-

ever humble may be our situation, we know how to do justice. My daughter was not born to bear the name of Lady Thaley; that title belongs to some lady of your own rank. Sufannah, my lord, is your humble servant, and she has only one master superior to you, and that is *honor*: No, my lord, I cannot consent that you should thus degrade yourself. I should prove myself a servant unworthy of your bounties, and of those of my lord your father, whose memory will ever be dear and sacred to me, if I should be instrumental in promoting the fatal effects of your present blind passion. My wife and daughter are impressed with the same ideas, and I have the honour to represent to you, their sense of their own duty, and of your lordship's honour. Do I not speak truth, Sufannah, when I say these are your sentiments? Yes, my father, But that yes was pronounced with a faint and trembling voice: To the heart of Sufannah that was a piercing yes.

What a triumph for the daughter of James! She loved Thaley, and it is as in vain for her to endeavour to conceal it; and with what secret joy had she seen how much she was beloved by him! This, at intervals, appeared to her to level the difference of rank between them, and in some measure to raise her to an equality with her lover.

Thaley stopped not here, but every day returned to the farm, and persisted in asking Sufannah in marriage, notwithstanding the constant refusal of the good old man. Thaley at last resolved to write to Sufannah, and put his letter at the foot of a tree. He knew that she could pass no other way, and he hoped that curiosity, so natural to every one, might induce her to stoop, pick it up, and read it; but he put no direction upon it. Sufannah soon came by the spot, saw the letter on the ground, and was doubtful whether or not she should take it

up. She went forwards a few steps without touching it; then turned her head to look back on it, and, by an involuntary compunction, returned, took it up, opened it with a trembling hand, and read as follows:

" You will readily know from whom this letter comes, and to whom it is addressed. It comes from the most tender and passionate man to the most adorable, but least feeling woman. Can the lovely Susannah be ignorant, that the happiness of Lord Thaley depends alone on her and the amiable James? I can but give you my hand and my heart: That tribute my love demands, and what can I do more? If you love me, if you have any sentiment pity for the unfortunate Thaley, you will meet the wishes of him, who sighs to make you his wife. Ah, cruel Susannah! can you wish to be the cause of the death of him, who wishes to live but to make you happy? Persuade your father to consent to our union, and be assured, that you will be the most happy, the most adored of all women. James makes use of the most trifling excuses: He talks to me of birth and grandeur; but virtue and beauty are superior to them. Besides, nature has stamped the rank of your nobility, in lavishing on you so many charms. Ah, what sovereignty has the empire of Susannah. Your answer will decide, whether Thaley is to finish his life miserable, or to enjoy it amidst the supremest happiness.

Your faithful lover,

THALEY."

Ah, my lord, cried Susannah, why am I not a lady? Why am I not a queen? Your wishes would then be soon gratified, and you would not much longer suffer any torments! But such is not my condition: If it were, I would throw myself at the feet of my father and mother, and we should both be soon happy. The poor lord, how he loves me!

Undoubtedly, he never had *any* idea to abuse *my* honour; for I *always* imagined, that it was nothing more than the invention of the wicked Thoward.

Sufannah held the letter in her hand, and read it over an hundred times, each time uttering stronger exclamations of tenderness and grief. She doubted whether or not she ought to shew it to her father; but she at last determined to conceal nothing from him. She perceived him at a little distance, ran to him, and shedding a torrent of tears which interrupted her voice, see, my father, a letter to me from my lord, which I have just now found. The good lord is *very* unhappy! What a pity if he should die!

James read the letter. Sufannah said he, You have never yet concealed any thing from me: Do *you* love my Lord Thaley? Sighs were the *only* answer she made. Thou hast said enough, my dear girl; thou art not before a severe judge, but in the bosom of a father, of a tender friend. Sufannah, thou dost not foresee all the evils that await thee: Honour is dear to thee! Oh, *my* father, a thousand times more so than life. How can *you*, my Sufannah, flatter *yourself* that *you* will ever be Lady Thaley? Would *you* wish me to improve this moment of his weakness to self views of grandeur, and *thereby* betray my master and benefactor? You would blush at *your* own condition, and at *my* Poverty. My father, said Sufannah, clasping her hands together, and drowned in tears, heaven is witness how dear *you* are to me, and how *sincerely* I respect *you*! Well, my daughter, if *you* love me, if *you* love *your* honour, *your* duty, and *your* religion, *you* will stifle a tenderness, which seems replete with the greatest evils and which in the end may bring *you* to eternal shame. We must separate *you* from him for some Time:

You shall go ten miles from hence, to the house of your aunt Harris, where you will remain concealed till Lord Thaley shall quit his country seat, and return to London, where he will soon forget you. My lord, forget me, alas! Go, my dear Susannah, you know not what these lords are; you imagine they are like us country people; I lived many Years in London, and always found their friendship but of short duration. Marry a man of your own condition, if you wish to be beloved, and make your Family happy. It is equality that produces confidence; and without confidence, my child, no good can arise from marriage. You shall go to-morrow; and I will tell your mother that your aunt has sent for you, and that I have agreed to your departure. Go and prepare for your journey.

Susannah was thunderstruck: Her Father left her alone, and it was then she experienced all the force, all the power of the empire of love. She sat herself down, her head reclined on her hand, and sighs of bitterness found their way from her heart. To see my lord no more! To be thus torn from! To trample on his tenderness, his happiness, my own! Burst, cruel Heart, burst! Ah, my father, what a task do you impose on me! Shall I have courage to obey, and retire quietly to my exile, to my grave? My aunt shall receive my last sighs. Oh! I will die there! Ah! Lord Thaley, Lord Thaley!

James was too sensible a man not to perceive what passed in the heart of his daughter. He saw the grief with which her bosom was torn; he loved her tenderly, and thought he was giving her a proof of his paternal affection in snatching her from the passion of his Lordship. The moment for the fatal departure was arrived, and no one knew where Susannah was going, except her mo-

ther, who endeavoured to conceal her afflictions for the melancholy situation, in which she saw her daughter involved.

Susannah proceeded to make the necessary preparations for her departure, while many heartfelt sighs escaped her. She met a youth belonging to the farm who was always attached to her interest. She feared to speak to him lest she should be surprized by her father. Tell him, my dear William, (continually looking around her) tell him, that I never shall forget him, and that I am much to be pitied. And to whom, Miss, am I deliver this message? And did I not tell you, my friend? It is to Lord Thaley, who loves me, and who wishes to marry me; but my father opposes it. A moment after. No, my friend, tell him nothing: I should offend my parents, my duty, and be deficient in virtue. Perhaps the day is near, in which I shall die, and it will be for him; William, I am wretched, and my father knows not what I suffer!

While this unfortunate girl was thus a prey to the most opposite sentiments, James appeared in sight. Let us go, my daughter; embrace your mother, your brothers, and your sisters; let us begone: I shall attend you on your journey myself; but be sure to keep the profoundest secrecy. What a terrible moment for Susannah! She was quitting the place of her birth, which had been the witness of her first sighs. She turned her eyes swimming in tears towards the castle, and how shall I describe her feelings at that moment? She was a victim dragging to the fatal altar!

At this instant, a messenger arrived in haste from Lord Thaley. Mr. James, my lord desires to see you immediately; he is in bed, very ill. Very ill! cried Susannah, with fresh emotions in her heart. James ran to the castle, and indeed found Thaley in a violent fever. His lordship ordered all

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to withdraw but the farmer. Be seated, my dear James, said he to him in a dying voice But, my lord. Be seated, I tell you James. see what you have brought me to! How, I, my Lord! Yes, you, in obstinately refusing me, Susannah. Atlas! you will soon be released from my Solicitations. The consequences of your refusal will soon bring me to my grave! Ah my lord, you pierce me to the heart! I be the cause of your death, while I would sacrifice my own, were it possible, a thousand times to save yours! But, my lord, be yourself the judge of what I have done. Is my daughter of your rank? Is a servant to be so nearly allied to his lord? Time will cure you of this passion, when you will judge more properly of your own error and my honesty. No, James, no. I never shall cease to adore your daughter. I will revenge her of all the ills of fortune, by making her equal with myself. And what would nobility be, unless associated with beauty and virtue? If beauty and virtue merit exalted preference, then surely Susannah merits the empire of the universe. My lord, this is the language of a lover; but it is my duty to argue with you on the principle of reason. I conjure you to hear me: I should be inexcusable. My friend James, stop: My resolution is taken: Susannah must be my wife, or you must dig my grave. Are you determined, my dear James, to take away the life of the most tender master? He held out his hand, took hold of the farmer's, and bathed them with tears.

The good old man was torn with a thousand ideas, and different emotions. Once more, my lord: What will your family, London, and all the world say of such an union? No, I cannot consent to it, without failing in the essential parts of my duty. Why did you ever see Susannah, James, I will unite myself to Susannah by a private mar-

riage, which I will make public after the death of my uncle, who is already on the brink of the grave. Go, my friend, go home; complete my happiness, that of your adorable daughter, and of all your family. You shall be my father, (continued *Thaley*, embracing the old man, who appeared strangely embarrassed.) I again beg of you, my life, which depends upon my union with *Sufannah*. I repeat to you, my dear *James*, fear nothing from the resentment of either my relations, or the court at my marriage: They will see and admire *Sufannah*, and all the world will approve my choice.

The good old *James* remained immoveable as a statue; his eyes were cast down, he sighed. *THALEY* called his servants, who assisted him to get out of bed and to dress him: He got into the chariot with *James*, and was driven to the farm. Here being alighted, he threw himself at the feet of *Sufannah*, who had run to the door, followed by her mother.---Yes, you are my wife! you are the woman of my heart, whom heaven has destined for me, and I will have no other. The mother, struck with astonishment, drew back. Her father, continued *Thaley*, has consented to my Happiness, and you undoubtedly will not oppose it: You shall all three be united to me in the most indissoluble ties!

Sufannah was plunged into all the illusions of a dream. Dear *Sufannah*, continued *Thaley*, it remains only to you to give the finishing consent to the happiness of my life. She presented to him her hand, which he covered with kisses, and *Thaley* at last read his triumph in her ingenuous countenance. It is in such moments as these that the intoxication of love is inexpressible, and such as we may call the sportings of the heart; and what can approach that enchanting pleasure of being

able to say, I reign over a soul that lives but for me? How easy is it for lovers to be happy since such a mutual confession crowns all their desires.

Susannah was silent but her eyes spoke: sometimes she turned them towards her father to consult his looks for an answer. Her parents exhausted all their arguments to persuade Thaley from so dangerous a step; but the passionate lord removed every obstacle; and after having conquered all refusals, prayers, and entreaties, it was agreed that my lord should privately marry Susannah.

He flew to his friend Sir Thomas Thoward, who, after having spent some time in London, was come to join Thaley in the country. His lordship, after supper, having called for wine, and ordered his servants to withdraw, informed his Companion of the resolution he had taken to give his hand to Susannah. Thoward received this mark of his confidence with indignation, and broke out in a bitter, sneering laugh: He drank "to the health of the "Hon. Lord Thaley, son-in-law of his Farmer "James."

Poor Thaley endeavoured to support all these railleries, all these humiliating circumstances; he opposed to them the graces, the beauty and the virtues of this country girl. These arguments only served to increase new gusts of insulting laughter, and he increased his representations how much he would dishonour his dignity, and degrade himself by such a marriage. It will be of little purpose to observe, that Thaley had a great share of vanity, and that the latent and terrible vices of the human heart often, and in general, too easily, prevail over nature and pure love.

That he should die, if he did not possess Susannah, was his conclusive answer to all Thoward's objections; and he could not possess her but by becoming her husband. If he employed force or

artifice, all that family, which was so dear to him, would perish with grief, and even Susannah herself would look on him with horror. He languished to embrace her in his arms, and to be loved and esteemed by her. In a word, he could not be happy, but in dividing his happiness with Susannah; but how to reconcile his love with what he owed to his dignity, to the world, and to his relations he knew not.

The baronet, after having exerted all his pernicious arts in proposing schemes equally odious and impracticable, at last made one proposal, which he thought Thaley could not fail to adopt. You have a great desire, my dear Thaley, to possess the charms of the little Susannah. I should prefer to the single pleasures of seeing her, that of conquering all the beauties in London. Well, my dear Thaley, take my advice, and I will propose to you an expedient, which may at once reconcile every thing to your honour, your pleasure, and your rank, which will neither embroil you with your uncle, nor with yourself. Leave every thing to me. What do you mean to say? Speak, replied Thaley. Is it not true, that your design is to marry Susannah? Undoubtedly. Then listen to what I am going to say, and think yourself happy in my friendship. I have in this neighbourhood an honest parson who is at my service. He is a useful man, and will procure such witnesses as are necessary for the purpose. To be short, my friend, you shall be married in appearance, but not in reality. You understand me. You shall have an apparent right to enjoy, in the arms of your Susannah, all the happiness you wish for. What, (interrupted Thaley, rising in a fury, shall I betray Susannah? For a moment, keep your seat, and listen to sentiments worthy of a man of honour. By this supposed marriage you will accomplish your wishes, without

exposing YOURSELF to the resentments of your uncle. In time, YOUR love will diminish. MY love never can cease! Be assured, MY friend *Thaley*, that it will. It is nothing but the violence of that passion which at present turns YOUR head. When you shall have got the better of YOUR present infatuation, you will then blush at YOUR extravagance, you will satisfy *Susannah* for the cheat you have put on her, BY allowing her a proper support, and I shall not oppose it; and this will be a sufficient recompence for the honour of a country girl. Will you still say that I do not talk *reasonably*? Abominable friend! What odious advice! that I should attempt, under cover of so infamous an artifice, to snatch a daughter from the bosoms of the most honest and tender parents! That I should deceive *Susannah*! (added *THALEY*, in shedding tears.) No, cruel wretch, hope it not. I will marry her in the face of heaven and of earth. For a convenient time, MY marriage must be kept secret: but it shall be sealed BY the most inviolable faith, BY the most sacred oaths! Fool, why will not you let me finish? If *Susannah* should continue to possess YOUR heart, if she should deserve to bear the name of YOUR wife, what will hinder you, after this proof, and the death of YOUR uncle, to compleat that union, and rivet it BY the most sacred ties? This will be a new mark of love to YOUR *Susannah*, since possession will not have extinguished YOUR passion.

It is impossible to repeat the opposition of Lord *Thaley* to the arguments of the wicked and corrupt *Thoward*, who employed EVERY effort he was master of to draw him into the dishonourable action he proposed. *THALEY* at last gave way; for weakness is ALWAYS a PREY to criminality. The wicked *Thoward* managed this business, and every thing was prepared for this deceitful union. More than *twenty* times was *THALEY* torn BY remorse,

on the point of throwing himself at the feet of the unfortunate Sufannah, and revealing this infernal mystery: but his base friend never left him, and in some measure prepared him for the completion of this horrid and diabolical scene. The perfidious Thaley, at last reposed in the bosom of an angel of beauty and innocence, and inhumanly enjoyed those pleasures which ought to have been purchased by virtue only.

Lord Thaley, however, was a prey to the keenest internal feelings. Sufannah had not yet quitted her father's house. She adored her husband, and was the tender Eve such as Milton represented her, obedient to the will of Adam, and preserving her modesty even in the arms of her husband. There were, however, some moments in which joy fled from her heart, and an unknown cause produced melancholy which both her father and mother shared with her. Remorse, constantly struck Thaley, whenever he fixed his eyes on that adorable creature so touching, so ingenuous, and so innocent even in the bosom of pleasures, and whom he had deceived! Oftentimes when she flew to meet him, and lavished on him timid caresses, he would turn her aside, and shed tears: for the Crime he had been guilty of was perpetually present to his mind. Sometimes he would inarticulately utter, Ah perfidious Thoward! perfidious Thoward!

When he met that vile seducer, he would exclaim, cruel man, into what a snare have you dragged me! Do you think you have made me happy? You have rendered me the most culpable and wretched of all men! A horrible remorse it spread over all my pleasures: My pleasures! ah, I taste none! my heart incessantly revolts, and, every time I look on Sufannah I reproach myself as a treacherous villain! Thoward, I feel too much!

It belongs only to virtue to taste true happiness. I have betrayed the candour, truth, and sanctity of nature, the most tender love. I will confess every thing, I will repair every thing. I burn to destroy those nets, which imposture and artifice have formed. Though England, and all the world should oppose it, Susannah, I will soon be thy lawful husband!

Thaley, being called to London by his uncle, was obliged to quit Susannah when he wished to be most with her. Thoward never lost sight of him; for he feared his dissimulation would forsake him. He therefore constantly pressed him to secrecy. Thaley swore to Susannah an eternal tenderness, and promised to return immediately. She could not separate herself from the arms of her husband. In these terrible moments, love and honour equally tormented Thaley. He saw Susannah at his feet, which he watered with tears. He was no longer master of himself: No, (said he in the midst of sighs) I am unworthy of possessing thee: so many charms and virtues deserve a better possession. Hear what I am going to say.

Thoward dragged him to the chaise, and thereby prevented his making that confession which lay heavy at his heart, and was now coming from him. Susannah pursued Thaley with her eyes, and, as soon as he was gone out of sight, she fainted in the arms of her mother.

Let scholars and philosophers exclaim against forebodings of the mind, and treat them as chimeras and absurdities; but there is no man, if he faithfully interrogates himself, but must confess, that, in the critical circumstances of his life, he has been, if I may so say, warned of approaching misfortunes by an interior and hollow voice, which is called the prediction of calamities. This voice was raised in mournful accent in the soul of Su-

fannah, and even haunted her in the hours of slumber. The nights added dreadful dreams to the sorrowful thoughts which the DAYS produced. She recalled to her remembrance the adieus of her husband his agitation and those last words which he left unfinished. These reflections filled her with terror and she saw nothing before her but a cloud of disgraces ready to burst and overwhelm her.

James ceased not to regret the moment in which Sufannah first saw Lord THALEY. Alas! said this good old man to his wife our poor girl would have been much happier had she been married to one of her own condition. He would not have quitted us; they would have assisted each other and mutually softened their labours. I should have embraced them in my arms; they would have been MY comfort in the evening of life and would have closed MY EYES in death. Ah, my dear Sufannah, happiness is not our lot!

THALEY arrived in London, and was hurried on by Thoward from pleasure to pleasure. This master-piece of vice well knew the human heart. He knew that a repetition of follies gradually silences the feeble voice of remorse and therefore hurried him into those societies, which are formed to stifle every sentiment of delicacy. EVERY DAY effaced from the mind of Thaley some feature of the LOVELY Sufannah.

Thoward had secretly informed Lord Dirton, the uncle of THALEY; with his nephew's adventure. It was to concert with that lord, that he endeavoured to bring back his friend to that cloud of amusements which are the ruin and the death of the noblest passions.

Dirton was a courtier, who having long stifled all feelings of nature had no views beyond interest and vanity, and treated every other sentiment with contempt. Love especially appeared to him as

a phantom suited only to mean and inactive souls, which contributed neither to his power nor his pleasure. He considered tenderness as a mark of pusillanimity, and thought every feeling ought to be sacrificed to the views of becoming great. It is thus men immolate true and solid happiness to pursue a shadow, which perpetually eludes their embrace. Dorton wished to perpetuate his rank and dignities in his family; and the course he was engaged in, daily opened to him new objects for the pursuit of his unbounded ambition.

Thaley began to be attached to that kind of contagion which surrounded him; he lost his sensibility, and gradually became less anxious to hear from Susannah. It was difficult for him to find time to write to her; for his love was diminished and grown feeble. He passed his days in the company of the London beauties, who were as so many enchantresses, plunging him into that abyss of sensual pleasures, from which he found it impossible to escape. The principal enemy of Susannah was the Youth of Thaley! and at that age, we have not the courage to examine our own conduct. In Youth, rashness and folly take possession of the heart; for real and solid pleasures are reserved for riper ages. The moment a man appears on the busy theatre of the world, he becomes exposed to that kind of intoxication, which is as much an enemy to true pleasure as it is to reason and virtue.

Thoward, among the rest of his seducers, exerted himself to encrease the vanity of the Young Lord. It was Thoward, as we have already observed, who gave so many mortal wounds to the interest of Susannah: Wounds more fatal than all the caresses of the miserable rivals of the daughter of James! When Thoward found him assured of the success of his artifices, he privately informed Lord

Dirton of the dispositions into which he had brought his nephew.

Thaley had with some emotion seen Lady Cary, the daughter of Lord Dawson. The pride of this seducing beauty was only to be admired: She neglected true nature, and had recourse to all the parade of art, and her only wish was to create a bustle among the beaux, and encrease the number of her slaves and followers. Not a glance from the eyes of Thaley escaped her attention, and she redoubled her coquetries to fetter him in her chains; and her arts were not ineffectually employed. This circumstance, so favourable to the designs of Lord Dirton, were soon made known to him; and means were concerted between the lords, the uncle and the father, to bring about this union. The house of Lord Dawson was open to Thaley, and the young lady appeared more charming every visit he paid her, Thoward, whom we may compare to the infernal hero, of Milton, displayed all his artifices to complete the perfidy of Thaley: To the charms of this court lady, he added the graces of her mind, spoke largely on her nobility, and the lustre which such an alliance would throw on the unfortunate man who should marry her. At last, Lord Dirton, informed of the progress of the plot, declared to his nephew, that he intended to demand for him in marriage the daughter of Lord Dawson. He added, that it was a decided affair, and that he was beloved by the lady. In a word, that every thing was ready, and nothing but his consent wanting to compleat the business. I flatter myself, continued Dirton, that you will have no objection to it: It is the richest and most powerful party in England, and the king and all the court will view this alliance with pleasure.---Thaley instantly turned pale, fell at the feet of his uncle, and with tears told him his situation, his en-

agement with Sufannah, and the necessity he was under of legally marrying that amiable girl. Dirton at first embraced him, soothed him, and answered in a cool manner. He employed every argument to overturn the resolutions of his nephew; but he remained unshaken. Fury and menaces succeeded entreaties; Dirton drove him from his presence, and the unfortunate Thaley sought refuge in the bosom of the serpent Thoward, who, more insinuating, more dangerous, brought him back to his uncle; when, after much resistance, and many combats, Sufannah was sacrificed, and the abandoned Thaley married the daughter of Lord Dawion.

If a perfidy of the blackest dye will admit of any extenuation, it may be said that he was, in some measure, dragged to the altar, where he wept, even in the arms of his lawful wife, the misfortunes of that woman, to whom he was previously married in the eyes of heaven. Sufannah, indeed was engraven on his heart in characters not to be erased.

The cruel Dirton took on himself the fatal business of announcing to the unhappy Sufannah and her family, the sentence of death. He promised his nephew to allow them a sufficient income; which would, he said, sufficiently atone for this terrible blow. The cunning uncle, however, did not rest satisfied with this triumph, as he was always fearful lest Sufannah should dispute the victory. He therefore got Thaley the command of a regiment then in a remote part of Europe, the most distant from England. Thaley set off with his wife, accompanied by Thoward, who permitted him not a moment's reflection, but perpetually represented to him his dignity and consequence: Vain substitutes of the sweets of innocence and true love!

The inquietudes, and melancholy dreams of Susannah encreased. Many weeks had passed since she received a letter from Thaley, and she could not avoid giving vent to the most heart-felt sighs. Her family in vain endeavoured to console her; for how could she dissemble what she felt on the silence of a man she adored? She counted the days, the hours, and the moments, which she consumed in tears, until the return of that season, in which she hoped again to see her husband. We must love, before we can perceive all the torments attendant on absence. Susannah had her eyes always fixed on the castle; she would often seat herself under the shade of that tree, at the foot which Lord Thaley had thrown himself on his knees; she recalled to her mind those expressions of tenderness, which escaped Thaley the first time she presented him with flowers; she read his letters an hundred times over, till they were almost defaced by her tears; and, in short, nothing but Thaley was present to her mind.

At last, a messenger arrived from Lord Dirton, with a letter from that nobleman to James. The good old man received the messenger with his usual politeness, made him be seated, took the fatal letter, and read as follows:

“ I shall not, my dear James, employ the tone of authority. I shall spare you those reproaches which your impudence and ill conduct merit, and I am willing to believe, that paternal goodness has led you into error. You should have reflected, that your daughter was not born to be the wife of my nephew. You will receive with this letter a bank note of five hundred pounds. Take care how you mention the folly of Lord Thaley, as you fear my displeasure.

DIRTON.”

The unfortunate old man had no sooner read the letter, than he fell motionless to the ground. His wife and daughter came in; on hearing the noise occasioned by his fall. They raised him up, and brought him to life: He saw his daughter, and trembled---Ah, my tender girl! come, my poor Susannah to my bosom!--My father! what ails you? Why this trouble, those tears, those sighs? My father!--My daughter, my daughter, we are lost! All our tears were too well founded: Lord Dirton! What of him, my dear father? He is determined to annul your marriage, and has the inhumanity to attempt to purchase our honour with Money, Lord Thaley must not be your husband! Am I not his wife? What am I? Having uttered these words, she fell in a swoon, and was carried to her bed, where she a long time remained insensible.

Carry back, (said the enraged James to the messenger) carry back that letter and his odious money, I am but a poor man, added he, with the profoundest sighs; but Lord Dirton cannot deprive me of my honour: It is a gift which I hold of God, and no one upon earth, not even the king, can deprive me of it. My Lord may assassinate me, he may be the executioner of my daughter, of my whole family; but I never will renounce our rights, we never will break the sacred knot. I will go and lay my deplorable old age at the feet of Lord Dirton: He may send me to prison, and make me a prey to the laws; but nature is above laws, and her laws cannot be violated with impunity! What are you talking about? (interrupted the express, who could not refrain from tears) My friend, what will your complaints avail you? You cannot dissolve the marriage of Lord Thaley. Of what marriage are you speaking?---You do not perhaps know. that the nephew of Lord Dirton has mar-

ried Lady Carey, the daughter of Lord Dawson.--- My lord married to any other than Sufannah! Yes, and they have left England. O heaven! (cried James, with every horror painted on his countenance) and can he have broken the most sacred ties! Can my lord have any other wife than Sufannah? Let us go; I will go to London, and there find death or justice: One of these Lord Dirton shall not refuse me:

He went into the chamber of his daughter, who by this time was a little recovered. My daughter, you know not all our misfortunes, all the crimes of Lord Thaley: He is married.---Married! Yes, married to another as well as to you!---Thaley has betrayed me!---Be composed my child, we have the rights of honour on our side. I will go to London, and do you justice. Is Lord Dirton such a barbarian or tyger as to destroy me? My dear girl, (pressing her with transport to his heart) you shall see, that I bear not the empty name of a father! It is impossible to describe what were the feelings of Sufannah when she was told that Lord Thaley had quitted England. James, after taking an affectionate leave of his wife and children, after having often returned to weep in their arms, at last set off for London, accompanied by Lord Dirton's express.

Sufannah's grief allowed her no sleep, the want of which was supplied by the bitterest cries. Is it you, Thaley, who have deceived me, who so sacredly swore to me an eternal tenderness? Is it you I have married? loved! Another woman is your wife! Are you gone? barbarous man! are you gone and left me to reproach, dishonour, and death! O God! is it you who could expose me to ruin, who could dishonour me, and be the death of my virtuous father! She then fell into a state of insensibility; and of all the scenes, which the mis-

fortunes of human nature ever produced, surely none could exceed what the present and future ills of this family presented to the eye of pity.

The express appeared before Lord Dirton, followed by the unfortunate old man. As soon as his lordship saw his servant, he demanded of him what answer he brought to his message. The servant, without answering, returned the letter, and the note for five hundred pounds. How, cried Dirton, has that impudent fellow refused my present? He is here, replied the servant. Let him come in, (said Dirton, in a high and haughty tone) I know how to treat such reptiles as he.--- James appeared, and threw himself at Dirton's feet. Yes, my lord, (said this unfortunate father, whose voice was stifled by tears) I have refused the price of my dishonour, because nothing can purchase it. I am not ignorant that I am the servant of your house, a creature condemn'd to the most humble respect and submission. I did, my lord, exert every effort to persuade your nephew from so disproportionate a match. He would not listen to me, but embraced my daughter as his lawful wife. You, my lord, are the master of my fate; but heaven has tied the knot, and none but heaven can break it. Our only blemishes are obscurity and poverty; but there has not been among my relations a treacherous or dishonest soul. Would you, my lord, destroy the life of a father, a mother, a daughter, who prefer honesty to every thing this world can give? I embrace your knees: Look down upon a miserable father, who claims of you nothing but humanity and justice.

It would be justice in me, answered Dirton, to drive you instantly from my house. How, have you had the audacity to refuse my present? Though you had an hundred daughters, insolent old man, five hundred pounds would be worth more than

them all. Be advised by me, do not abuse my bounty, take that note, leave me and never more appear before me. I will not go, (replied the courageous old man, with that sublime resolution, which raises the soul above all rank, and puts all mankind on a level) I will not go; I demand nothing but justice, and I will have it. You may pierce me to the heart here at your feet; or I will appeal to every judicial court in London; I will convey my complaints, my tears, my despair, my injuries, even to the throne. I am, indeed, but a poor farmer; but I am a father, and an injured father. My cries will be heard, they will strike every ear, and affect every heart; they will give feelings to the most insensible souls, and all will unite in my favour. I have nature and truth on my side. No, I cannot believe that Lord Thaley has formed any other ties: It is only a feint to put my probity to the test. Ah, my lord, once more at your knees an unfortunate father, who embraces them with submission, and who will not you till he move you to pity. I implore for nothing but humanity, humanity alone. You was once a father, my lord; it is a father expiring with age and grief, who now embraces your knees. No, you cannot be capable of an action so unworthy your rank: It is impossible!---Cease, said Dirton; I will give you five hundred pounds more; provided I hear no more of either you or your daughter. Do you refuse to hear me, my lord? Your new proposition is a new outrage on my misfortunes. Let me die at your feet; for I will not return to my daughter. Insolent wretch, I fear you have some designs on my person!---I shall die, if you do not give your consent to a marriage which cannot dishonour you. Susannah is an honest girl. My lord, have some pity on my terrible despair.

Do *you* threaten me, audacious reptile! Listen and learn what are the mighty connections *you* boast of, and how void of foundation. You imagine that your daughter was married to *my* fool of a nephew. I will out of compliance tell you what force should have never got from me. Know then, that his marriage with *your* daughter is a mere delusion, and that *your* daughter has been the sport of the tenderness of *Thaley*; that this marriage, of which *you* dare to talk so much to me, is *only* a stratagem to obtain of me, what I now offer *you*, a thousand Pounds. Was she not married to Lord *Thaley*? She never was; she has been his mistress, *my* friend; and it is an honour sufficient that she has such been to *my* nephew.

A clap of thunder could not have overturned James with more rapidity: He fell to the floor, deprived of sense. Lord Dirton went out of his apartment, and *cooly* gave orders to carry that man to the door, and as soon as he should come to himself to count him out a thousand pounds. Such a sight would have moved the fiercest savage! That good old man lay extended on the pavement, and his white locks mixed with dust and tears: He scarcely breathed, and a deadly paleness covered his countenance. A servant, more humane than his master, softened by his misery, took him up in his arms, and recalled him to life. James opened his eyes, and then fell again to the earth, *crying*, she is not married! They have deceived my daughter! Ah, God, God!--He got up again eagerly, to seek Lord Dirton; but was obliged to be seated, for his strength failed him, and he could only shed torrents of tears, and from time to time turn'd up his eyes to heaven. The compassionate servant endeavoured to console him, and exhorted him to be resigned to his fate; he represented to him the influence and power of Lord Dirton and

finished with disclosing to him all the circumstances of the pretended marriage of Thaley to Susannah. James, in despair, tore the hair from his head, and threatened to stab Lord Dirton. In the mean time, the steward brought him a thousand pounds. Here take this money; it is a thousand pounds, which, believe me, is a remedy for the worst of evils: Fortune.-----The old man here interrupted him, and looking on him with the utmost contempt, threw away the money with marks of the highest indignation.---Miserable wretch! let your master keep his infamous riches to himself. Go, he has already sufficiently heaped insults on my hoary head. I have now no other protector, no other avenger of my wrongs, but God; To him I will appeal; he will punish those wretches who have deceived my daughter, my dear Susannah! My friend, (added he, addressing himself to the humane servant, who held him by the hand, and endeavoured to comfort him) if you knew what a woman he has ruined! Ah, my dear children, how shall I be able to open this tragical scene to them!

The unfortunate James was almost frantic with despair, and said he would go and throw himself at the feet of the king, and receive justice, or die there. The servant did every thing he could to bring him to reason and coolness; he endeavoured to persuade him that all the bustle he could possibly make, and even death itself, would be to no purpose; he represented to him the authority of the great, who with impunity trample the little under foot, without the least regard to justice, truth, or humanity. He then conducted poor James to his own house, at a little distance from Lord Dirton's, where the compassionate wife of this honest servant received poor James with the most affecting marks of humanity. Here his griefs

broke out afresh, and he gave vent to the agonies of his heart in useless exclamations.

This humane domestic, under a pretence of being ill, got leave to be absent a few days, in order to attend home the unhappy James, who, before his departure, had the noble boldness to write to Lord Dirton, a letter full of that sublimity of virtue which unmerited despair dictates. It will not at all appear astonishing, that James should be able to speak and write thus, when we recollect what was his education, and what must be the powers of his mind under such feeling circumstances. It has always been observed, that men perform prodigies of valour, firmness, and eloquence, when extraordinary emotions affect their nature; and such are the principal sources of illustrious actions and distinguished talents. In this situation James wrote the following letter to lord Dirton.

“ Barbarous man,

I write to you in the name of the supreme author of humanity: He owns no other titles than those of truth and virtue; no other rank than those of true honour and honesty. You have degraded the rank of an honest man, and have let yourself down on a level with the vilest criminal. To recompence the labours of an old servant, who has earned his scanty morsel by the sweat of his brow, and spent the prime of his days in your service, you spread desolation in his expiring heart, and even snatch from his bosom the honour of his daughter. Ah, cruel wretch, heaven will bring you to a severe account for these tears of blood you have caused me to shed! As to your detestable nephew, he will one day be arraigned at the tribunal of God, where the pride of birth, the impunity of fortune, the insolence of vice, or the treachery of seduction, will plead no excuse. We shall have

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out revenge, my Lord: You will one day experience the keenest remorse for this abominable action, when it will be late to repair it. Your sorrowful victims will then all be in their graves; from whence they will eternally join in one united cry to heaven for justice! You have dishonoured my old age, you have covered with the stain of infamy, a man, a whole family, who served you, who loved you, and who grew up under the shadow of your protection: You have oppressed weakness and innocence, I restore to you and your perfidious nephew, the farm and every thing upon it, which were entrusted to my care. May the abyss, which gaping hell opens, swallow up you and all like you. We will go and shed our tears on some other land; we will there indulge our misery and grief, and there utter our lost sighs. Inhuman wretch! may this letter convey to your heart those daggers you have fixed in mine. A man, reduced to such extremities as I now am, is above all fear. Kill us, it is but one gradual step beyond the crimes you have already committed, and death would relieve us from our misfortunes. Death is the only relief now to be hoped for by,
JAMES."

This afflicted father quitted London, in loading that city with imprecations. His despair was renewed and increased when he came within sight of his house. He no sooner perceived it, than he cried out, sighing. There is the asylum of my poverty! There it is that I brought up my unfortunate daughter in innocence and virtue! Ah, how shall I see her! In what manner shall I look at her! Little did I ever think, that this disgrace was reserved for the evening of my life!

The servant, who was his faithful guide, endeavoured to comfort him. James drew near to his farm, and his wife and daughter came to meet him. Susannah was feeble, and hardly able to

walk. She made an effort, and threw herself into the arms of her father, crying, Well, what, my father?---James clasped her to his bosom, and trembling there, held her. Sufannah was too well acquainted from his trouble what news she had to expect.---I am not the wife of my Lord *Thaley*? James made no answer.---Then I have nothing to do but to die! They seated themselves, and James at last, related to them in what a shameful manner he had been received by Lord Dirton. When he came to the horrible treachery of *Thaley*, and his deceitful marriage, Sufannah cried out. Have I been so far deceived! I am not his wife! Hardly had she pronounced these last words, than she fell motionless to the ground. The servant, who had accompanied James, was now agonized by fresh scenes of misery. Sufannah was then again carried to that bed, which she had but just quitted to go and receive her father. James covered her with kisses and tears, and Sufannah at last recovered her senses. Is it Lord *Thaley* who has deceived and betrayed me! Have I deserved from him such treatment as this!

The unfortunate Sufannah immediately arose, as it were, from the bosom of death: A superior force appeared to animate her, and one would have almost said, that a miracle had been wrought in her heart. She rested on her arm, courage appeared to dispel her grief, and she seemed even to have command over her tears.---Let us, my dear father, said this divine girl, let us forget even the name of the man that has dishonoured us. My heart has no share in this disgrace. All the dishonour must fall on the monster, who has deceived and abused me. He has not robbed me of the innocence of my soul. Am I criminal in your eyes, in the eyes of God? My father, it would be to me no pain to die; for what hopes have I in this life?

But I will be your consolation, your support: You and my mother shall be every thing to me: Let us quit this criminal spot; let us leave it; let us go where the image of Lord Thaley cannot pursue me; (and here a torrent of tears interrupted her.) Ah, let us no more pronounce that name; let us forget it, let us tear it from our hearts! My tender father I am ready to submit to the most painful labours, to the most humiliating condition, if you will but live, but pity, and love your Susannah, who is not culpable. No, I am not culpable, though I am the most unfortunate of all women!

This deplorable family resolved to quit this fatal place; but Susannah could not leave it without often turning her eyes to it: She seemed as though she left behind her the better part of herself. However, under all this appearance of heroism, love lost not its force: The courageous Susannah wept constantly in secret; for the most generous souls are the most tender. These unfortunate people retired to the house of their relation, who had given Susannah so noble an education. As to Dirlton's servant, he returned to London; but not being able to persuade himself any longer to serve so ignoble a lord, he demanded his discharge.

Lord Thaley, the husband of an accomplished woman; in the bosom of honours and pleasures, and surrounded with every thing that was gay and agreeable, was nevertheless very far from tasting true happiness. It is not that which surrounds that always pleases; the source must be within ourselves, in the soul that is pure and innocent: The soul of Lord Thaley was torn by perpetual remorse. How could he be happy? He had betrayed virtue and love.

It is said that his lady, who had heard the whole affair of the unfortunate Susannah, was determined to revenge the cause of that innocent girl in her

own conduct towards Thaley, She had all the arts of a woman of quality, a forbidding coldness for her husband, and an animated spirit of seduction for other men. She was lovely, vain, and proud; yet that pride did not save her from the reproaches of numberless adventures, the reports of which reached the ears of Thaley. He employed every gentle argument to reclaim her; but she listened not to them; he threatened to exert the authority of a husband, and she replied in the most indecent language. The daughter of Lord Dawson reckoned much on the greatness of her name, and her considerable credit at court: It was therefore necessary for Thaley to ruminate only in private on his disagreeable connection. His lady gave him frequent occasions to recall to his mind the unfortunate object, whom he had ruined in return for the purest love; he compared his present situation with the past; he compared the modest charms, the ingenious tenderness, and the unaffected candour of Susannah, with the artificial beauty and disgusting coquetry of a wife who took no pains to please him. In these moments, remorse seized him, he shed tears, and, groaning as he walked, the name of Susannah often escaped him. Thoward, however, employed every means to efface that image from the mind of Thaley, which was perpetually haunting his soul. He plunged the young lord into continual excesses and dissipation, and at last into the lewdest scenes of debauchery, and the infernal spirit of the court.

Some years passed, during which time Thaley remained swallowed up in a state of death to reason and the soul. He returned with his wife to England, where she continued to be his perpetual tormenter. She dishonoured him by her innumerable intrigues, she embroiled him with her relations, and disgraced him in the eyes of the court.

Thaley, thus wretchedly situated, had however one consolation: His lady died, and left him in debt, plenty of enemies, and exposed to ridicule and insult. *Thaley* then delivered himself up, without the least reserve, to a life of the most scandalous dissipation: There was not a tavern in London, but at which he was known as the hero of libertines; and *Thoward* divided with him the honour of that reputation.

Chance conducted these two heroes, with some more of their own stamp, to a coffee-house in the Strand. The subject turned upon honour. Ah, what are you talking about gentlemen? (said an unknown person, whose mature age and appearance announced to be some respectable man. Do not talk of what you are strangers to. Why do not you talk of your racers, your Italian music-masters and your French dancers? What do you say? interrupted Lord *Thaley* with some warmth. I tell you, replied the stranger looking sedfastly at *Thaley*) that you are the last man who should enter upon such a discourse. How! am I a stranger to honour?---You! ah, there are but few people who know what honour is.---Insolent man! I am not an insolent but an honest man. At this instant somebody came to enquire for this singular man, with whom he went out of the coffee-house, leaving the whole company struck with astonishment.

Gentlemen, said *Thaley*, I am quite in amazement! I do my duty, and you know that I have a right to talk of honour. He went out with his friend *Thoward*, who used every means to increase his fury, and they enquired for the abode of this stranger.

The next day, early in the morning, *Thaley* went to the house of this unknown person, whose apartments were plain and unadorned. *Thaley*

knocked at the door, and the unknown person, having no servant opened it himself, saying, My lord, I did not expect you so soon; you will permit me to get into bed again. You did expect me, then?---Undoubtedly. I am glad at least to find you do me this justice. But, first, Sir, pray who are you? Who am I? a man. Your titles? My heart and the love of truth. Do you know what is my rank? Your rank, they call *you* a lord, and I believe *you* are such: as *you* very much resemble one of that specie; but let neither *you* nor they, at any time ever talk of honour: I give you excellent advice; for it is a Conversation to which you are strangers! You insult me, and I flatter myself *you* give me sufficient cause to say, we must measure swords. I am sensible of the favour. You then think *yourself* worthy of either taking away a life, or losing one. Imprudent young man! Imprudent young man! This familiarity adds to the insult. Out of bed immediately, my friend, and let us decide this business without delay! With what audacity does this impudent man, treat me! I am not an impudent man, and still less your friend; but I will rise.

The stranger rose, dressed himself calmly, while Lord Thaley walked up and down the room agitated with fury. Let us go to Hyde Park, said he, and there I will let you know what it is to offend a man of my condition. A man of your condition! A cant peculiar to men of your sort! A man of your condition ought to be above others in probity and virtue; without these titles, he is beneath the most obscure man; what do I say? He is not to be compared with the most obscure man who does his duty! *Thaley* trembled with rage.

Immediately on their arrival at the appointed place *Thaley* drew his sword, and ordered his antagonist to do the same. Wait a moment, I pray

you: It is against my will to fight *you*. This confession will appear to *you* singular, and *you* will consider me as a coward, as a Poltron; but I am neither the one nor the other. When *you* shall know my name, *you* will do me the justice to say so. In the mean time see and believe. The stranger then displayed his breast, which was covered with scars. Duelling, continued he, is an infamous fashion, and contrary to all laws human and divine: He is an assassin, who endangers his life in any cause but the service of his country: and there is more glory in living to fulfil our duty, than in running the risk of dying like a madman. We must not confound bravery with virtue: The first, without the latter, is nothing more than a blind ferocity. I shall, however, be so complaisant, when *you* absolutely insist on it, to cut a throat with *you*. I have but one thing to ask of *you*.---What is that? I have offended *you* grievously, because I have pretended that *you* are a stranger to honour: Before we fight, be so kind as to explain to me what *you* understand by the word honour, and endeavour to be a little calm. What, I reason with a fool! No, I am not a fool; I am a man of honour. Condescend to answer me what idea have *you* formed of honour?

Lord *Thaley*, though burning with impatience to revenge this affront, yet condescended to give him the common and unsatisfactory definitions. Have *you* done, my Lord?---Yes, and instantly give me satisfaction.---Immediately: *You* are then very ignorant of the matter, and *you* forget its very first principles. Does not honour impose on us the necessity of keeping our word? Undoubtedly. Ought we not still to keep it more sacred with those who are weak and defenceless? most assuredly. Is it not an atrocious wickedness to deceive, and to betray truth by the meanest subterfuges?

Are you capable, for instance, of uttering false notes? At these words, *Thaley* started with indignation. False notes! You have sullied *your* reputation with an action twenty times worse.---- *Thaley* grew outrageous, and the stranger drew his sword to defend himself. Listen to me, said he, and when you shall have heard me, we will then fight. Though I had a thousand lives, and you could destroy them all at one blow, yet you would not be less culpable. I have told you, that true grandeur consists not in knowing how to die, but in knowing how to live. And how have you lived? You have not uttered false bills; but what did you do, barbarous man! when you abused innocence, love, and nature? When giving way to the suggestions of a wicked accomplice, you, under the appearance of the most respectable and solemn oath, dishonoured an unfortunate creature, who, upon the faith of altars, you received into *your* arms? What did you do, when ravishing a young heart full of pure tenderness, you rewarded her with desolation and death? What did you do when you covered with eternal shame an expiring old man, an unfortunate family who honoured you with the name of your domestics, who looked to you as their sacred protector, and whom you ought to have protected; whereas you have ruined and destroyed them? Do you understand me? Love and innocence betrayed: Your heart, Yes, even Your own callous heart, if You dared to descend to it, would rise up against you; every thing would accuse you, condemn you, confuse and punish you. You seem troubled.

Ah! (cried Lord *Thaley*, weeping) I have been a stranger to honour! Embrace me generous stranger, (continued *Thaley*, throwing down his sword) you have cleared the mist that obscured my sight, you have brought me to my senses! Ah, tell me,

tell me, what is become of Sufannah? Yes, I am miserable, I am abominable, and the most detestable of all criminals. Ah, my lord! honour is now indeed returning to your soul, and in you I now see the lord and the honest man. What is become of Sufannah? She and her family drag on their days in bitterness and misery: They are retired to the house of a friend, who supports their deplorable life, and the unfortunate Sufannah, who, has always loved you. She love me, (interrupted Thaley, with tears) she love me! Sir, I could wish to see her, to throw myself at her feet, and there die amidst repentance and grief! Be so obliging as to conduct me to her.

Thoward who had followed his friend at some distance, ran up to him, and found him in tears. Come hither, Thoward, (said Thaley to him) come, and partake of the triumph of sentiment. Yes, I am culpable, and this gentleman (presenting the stranger to Thoward) had just reasons to admonish me, that I ought not to talk of honour. No, I know it not; but my eyes are now opened, my friend, and I am impatient to repair my crimes.

Thaley related to him the particulars of this adventure; when Thoward became furious, accused Thaley of cowardice, and drew his sword upon the sense of honour and virtue. The stranger used every argument in his power to appease the rage of Thoward; but finding it impracticable, he cried. unfortunate Thoward, it is you who have corrupted the sensible Lord Thaley: You force me to the terrible necessity of either taking your life, or giving up my own: Nothing can touch your feelings. Be then penished, or may my death satisfy your fury, and bring you back to repentance.

I call heaven to witness, that I am forced to this terrible extremity.

Thaley endeavoured to separate them; but Thoward would listen to nothing. They fought, the stranger disarmed him, and returned him his sword, saying, live, and become sensible to the remorse of virtue. Thaley endeavoured to appease his friend; but Thoward fell with additional fury on his generous adversary, and, soon receiving a mortal wound, lay extended on the earth. The stranger immediately took him in his arms, assisted by Thaley, who bedewed his false friend with tears, and the conqueror gave way to the most poignant grief. Was it necessary, said he with sighs, that I should commit such a crime! that I should shed the blood of a man like myself, and thereby offend both nature and religion! Ah, my lord, (addressing himself to Thaley) I partake of your despair; but Thoward, you must confess, forced me to this desperate deed. Would I had fallen in his stead.

Thaley's servants then came up, and carried away the dead body, while his lordship and the stranger, both stricken with the most gloomy grief, returned to the city in the same carriage. Some labourers who had seen the duel, made affidavits in favour of the stranger.

Thaley being recovered from the first emotions of grief, soon learned, that the stranger, who had killed Thoward, was an officer of birth, but more distinguished by his merit, and well known for his bravery. He retired from the service all covered with wounds, and led the life of a true philosopher; his days had been spent in the practice of the social virtues, and fifty years of his valuable life had then passed; he employed great part of his income on the relief of the poor and necessitous; his piety was sincere and unaffected, and he was

always as ready to pardon the imperfections of others, as he was severe upon himself for his own; and, what is truly praise-worthy, and may be considered as the heroism of wisdom, he shunned the empty parade of fame, and concealed himself, as it were, in the mantle of virtue. Such was the character of this stranger, whose name was Sir John Windham.

Thaley flew to his house, followed by his generous man. My lord, said Windham, I shall soon follow my unfortunate victim to the grave: I cannot put that image from my mind: That I should take away the life of a man! I ought to have had the courage to despise so detestable an action. Fatal prejudices, why are you suffered to tyrannize over reason? Is it thus we are to serve our country and the laws of humanity? Are these the objects of our duty? How nearly does virtue border on criminality!

A deep melancholy pursued Windham and *Thaley*, while he pitied the fate of his friend, was obliged to confess, that Thoward had been the aggressor, and that he had forced Windham to extremities. He was still less able to dissemble, that Thoward had been the author of all his errors; that he had led him into that base treachery, that slur on his life; it was he, in a word, who had been the cause of the disgraces of a woman who merited to be happy. These reflections made the memory of Thoward have less weight in the mind of *Thaley*, and by degrees effaced every idea of friendship for his memory.

Windham informed *Thaley* of the cruel conduct of Lord Dirton towards the unfortunate James, What a picture for *Thaley*! His soul by degrees recovered its sensibility, and with it the love of virtue. These two impressions follow each other closely; for the reason why there are so few vir-

tuous men is, because there are so few sensible. Windham was a kind of celestial creature, come to snatch Thaley from his bemired situation, from that contagion of vice with which Thoward had infected him; and his lordship began to wish for the moment, in which he was again to see Sufannah.

Windham joined in his Conversations on this matter, and contributed to encrease his impatience to see Sufannah. This generous man, in his travels through the different counties of England, had been led by the happy chance to the minister's house, where Sufannah and her family had taken refuge. Here he had learned all their misfortunes, and the Treachery of Thoward. Windham with pleasure gave Way to Thaley's wishes, and they both left London, and took the road to the minister's house.

Lord Thaley, during the journey, employed his mind on the happiness he should have in repairing the injuries he had committed. Full of these pleasing ideas, they at least reached the wished for house. But what a stroke to Thaley! The minister was no more, and no one knew to what place James and his family had retired: It was only said, that, if it were possible that they could have survived the horror of their situation, yet they must certainly be living in the profoundest misery. Ah, this is my work! cried Thaley. It is I who was the cause of their misfortunes! Oh! they have perished with want! They are dead! and I have been the murderer of the most adorable woman! Let us go no further, *my* generous friend! I will die here, here where Sufannah has undoubtedly shed tears, and accused me. No, angelic creature, *you* could not love me after such perfidy: I am a monster even in *my* own view!

Let us not be satisfied with the trifling search we have made, replied Windham: Why should we

distrust heaven? heaven brought you to reason, it will direct your steps, till you find Susannah in your arms, to repair all the wrongs you have done her and her family. Thus he endeavoured to keep up the hope and courage of Thaley, and they pursued their journey, every where making the strictest enquiry. Windham himself began to despair of the success of his journey. Thaley was plunged in the deepest dejection. They were both on horseback, and unattended by any servants. Windham met a baronet of his acquaintance with whom he stopped for a few moments, while Thaley went on.

A child was sitting at some little distance from the road, and crying bitterly. This innocent boy appeared to be about six or seven years of age; an air of consequence softened the appearance of poverty, and his native graces suddenly struck Thaley: He looked at the child, he felt emotions in his breast, and could not take his eyes off him.---Ah, what is it, my little friend, that thus afflicts you?---Alas, Sir, my dear mamma has just told me, that she shall soon die: She kissed me crying, and----Mamma is very unfortunate! we have nothing to live on----Mamma suffers a great deal, and my grandpapa is ill in his bed. The child held this touching discourse in the midst of sighs. Poor creature! and your father, my dear little friend! Oh, Sir, I have never seen my papa; all that I know of him is, that he has been the cause of all our misfortunes: She says that she loves him, and shall love him till death---though he has made her so unhappy---and every day she makes me pray to God for him; He is a bad papa, added the child, redoubling his tears.

Thaley, now troubled in mind, got off his horse, and ran to the child, who, instead of shunning him, stretched out his arm. Embrace me, my

little angel, embrace me! And what do your parents do? They labour in the fields. Thy mother also? She is the first? Sir, to labour; but she has not strength and has likewise my grandpapa to look after. I should be very glad to assist them: She is so very good: My dear Mamma! And where do you live my dear child? There, Sir, pointing to a most miserable hut. Will you conduct me to your dear Mamma? Oh! she will be angry with me: Sir; Mamma suffers no one to see her. Thaley again embraced him, saying fear nothing: I will obtain your pardon. The child was doubtful how to act, he looked stedfastly at him, and gave him his hand. Thaley took hold of it with one hand, and in the other held his horse's bridle. Windham followed at a distance.

Thaley advanced, when there presented to his view a miserable cot covered with thatch and surrounded with a low hedge. At a little distance on a rising hillock sat a woman with a crook in her hand and in her countenance were the evident marks of fatigue and melancholy. The child went to her. Mamma do not be angry with me. I beg of you if I have brought to you a gentleman who was determined to see you. She raised up her languishing eyes; Thaley fell at her feet. My dear Susannah! Lord Thaley! cried she in her turn. She instantly saw it was him, and lost the use of her senses. Her son threw himself into her arms; and by this time Windham came up. Thaley first recovered his senses. My dear Susannah is it you! My friend! I have at last found the mistress of my heart! It is you divine woman! Thaley is at your knees! Open your eyes and again acknowledge your loves your husband, whose folly has made him miserable. My dear Susannah, into what a condition have I plunged you!

Thaley was prostrate at her feet; he embraced and watered them with his tears. Susannah recovered from her swoon, and reclined her head on the bosom of her lord.---My Lord Thaley? Yes, my adorable Susannah, it is thy husband returned from his wanderings, who flies to your arms, and eagerly sighs to repair the injuries you have received at his hands! My lord have you embraced your son? (said Susannah to him tenderly.) My dear child. run and embrace your father! My son! O God! my son! Tears now almost suffocated his lordship; he caressed Susannah and the child by turns; he pressed them to his bosom.---Yes my lord. your son, continued Susannah. He is the fruit of your unfortunate love: I have brought him up to love you, to survive me and to tell the tale of his unfortunate mother. But a few days longer and I should have been for ever hidden from your eyes; I should have been in my grave: I should have given him a letter for you and I flatter myself.---She could not finish: for tears interrupted her words, and Thaley caught her in his arms. Ah, speak not of my crimes; I am too sensible of the punishment I deserve; it is engraven in my soul. What, have I been capable of making miserable the most charming, the most respectable and the most adorable of women! My dear Susannah. is there any thing within the reach of love and honesty that can induce you to forget my barbarity and treachery? I cannot excuse myself by saying, that Thoward dragged me into these horrible excesses; no. there is no excuse for me: I am willing to appear as criminal as I am, that I may owe every thing to your tenderness and generosity. Pardon me celestial soul pardon a man, who will think himself honoured in calling himself your husband, and the father of that amiable child. And where is thy father, my father? I long

to see him! He is in bed, where grief and misery are bringing him to a speedy end. Grief and misery! Ah, heaven! my heart is ready to burst! Ah, respectable Windham, what a wretch have I been! What, Susannah, are you poor, and have I reduced you to these extremities? And what is that which I see? The bread black and coarse as it is, which supports our unfortunate lives----- bread earned by the sweat of our brows, and softened by our tears. At this sight, Thaley could scarcely support himself: He lifted up his eyes to heaven, and sighed bitterly.---What, was that your nourishment, while I---O God! God! I shall die; horror and remorse overcome me, and I cannot live! Ah, my Lord, that repentance conveys comfort to your Susannah! Live and be adored by her; for she always has loved you Always loved me! And how could she hate you? Yes, you shall be my wife, my sovereign! London has been witness of my follies; it shall see my reparation; for I cannot make you too illustrious: Yes, you shall be the wife of my heart. Dear Susannah, let us go, that I may throw myself at the feet of your respectable father.

Susannah begged him to stay till she had first prepared him for so sudden a change; for she feared that the unexpected sight of Lord Thaley might occasion a fatal revolution in that languishing old man. She knew not how to testify her gratitude to Windham; for Thaley had in part informed her of what that worthy friend had done to bring him back to sentiment and honour.

Susannah flew to her father. My dear father, take courage! good news!---Lord Thaley?---Yes, he is come, he acknowledges his faults, and---Will he be your husband, my girl? Shall I enjoy that happiness before I die? Yes, respectable James! (cried Thaley, throwing himself into the old man's

arms) You shall find in me the husband of your daughter; your son, who comes to weep for his faults in your bosom, and who is ready to give his life to repair them. James penetrated with inexplicable joy could only utter, Ah my Lord! Tears flowed from his eyes he endeavoured to rise, and flammered out unintelligible sounds. Be composed my father! said Thaley it is for me to honour and respect you: I have offended you; I have betrayed virtue, honour, love, heaven and every thing in the person of Susannah. I am come to repair those injuries, and to ask pardon of you, and of your daughter. Yes, you shall be my father, and your daughter my wife, the only mistress of my soul.

Lord Thaley then enquired of Susannah for her mother. Alas replied the old man she is no more! She tenderly loved her daughter. This again threw his lordship into fresh agonies, and he reprobated himself in the severest terms. Such a picture cannot be truly perceived; it must be left to sensible hearts to feel what cannot be described.

They now began to talk of dinner, and this opened a new scene of affliction for Thaley. Nothing was found but a little black bread the sight of which made his blood run cold. The expiring James was a picture capable of moving the most obdurate heart: Every object which presented itself to the eye of Thaley in this sorrowful abode, were as so many pointed arrows in his heart; but when his looks met those of the adorable Susannah, when he saw poverty and want impressed on her pale and dejected countenance and saw those arms, which he had tenderly locked in his with so much tenderness, now decaying through want and grief, he was torn by the horror of remorse, which shake the soul infinitely more than all bodily tortures! My divine Susannah, (added he) is it I who have plunged

you in this abyss of misery, and you still love me! Susannah embraced him, replying, Yes, my Lord, you have always been dear to me; and could you have killed me, I would, in my expiring moments, have kissed the hand that stabbed me to the heart!

Lord Thaley was then informed that Susannah's two sisters had been sent to services by their mother; that the two brothers, being obliged to quit their paternal house, had engaged in farming; and that Susannah and her father, after the death of the minister, falling into the most cruel indigence, were obliged to cultivate a little field, on which they had raised a hut, and which scarcely furnished them with the means of supporting a miserable life. Susannah too tenderly loved *Thaley* to relate these things to him herself; they came from the mouth of Windham.

Thaley caused James to be removed to his castle, where the good old man soon recovered his health; and the most elegant apartments were prepared for Susannah, who, in a few days after her arrival there, appeared dressed in the most sumptuous manner, and was married to Lord *Thaley*. There seems no necessity to add, that Windham was one of the first who assisted at this ceremony. What an agreeable surprise to James, when *Thaley* presented his two sons to him dressed in a manner conformable to their new fortune! My father, (said *Thaley*) I will make all your family happy; the brothers of Susannah shall be mine, and my desire is to unite their Happiness with my own.

Night arrived, and *Thaley*, ordering all his servants to withdraw, was left alone with his wife, whom he embraced in his arms. At last, my divine Susannah, you are in the arms of a husband, who lives only to make you forget your injuries. Can you pardon my errors, my frightful proceed-

lost, my crimes? Misfortunes have not diminished your beauty, and my tears shall give them new lustre. You have been my victim; but now you shall be the more dear to me. Take care of that tender infant; for into your hands I resign him; and may he live to perpetuate our names, when we shall be no more. Susannah could not answer: Her words were interrupted by tears of delight, and she reclined in the arms of her husband. O pure and delightful pleasures, which afford such raptures of love and innocence! What are the pleasures of love without those of virtue?

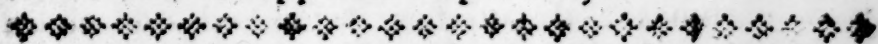
Windham now began to think of quitting Lord Thaley's house, and of retiring to his obscure retreat. Virtue shuns the bustle of the world, and it is only in solitude that it enjoys itself, and finds the most pleasing sensations in the exercise of wisdom and sensibility. What, Sir, (said Lord Thaley), can you refuse to gather the fruits of your own labour? And where will you find more flattering objects? You have united two hearts, who know all the value of your services: Enjoy the pleasure of seeing the good effects of your generosity. You have brought me back to probity, to Susannah, to happiness. Ah, can I be perfectly happy, if I do not see you in the bosom of love and friendship? Susannah added her solicitations to those of her husband. You must not quit us, generous Windham! Are you not one of our family? Ah, do not rob us of the opportunity of shewing you that gratitude, which every moment convinces us is due to you.

Windham consented to stay with them, letting fall pleasing tears, which flowed from his soul --- I accept, my dear children, I accept your offer: I will continue with you; you will console my old age, in letting me see, that there are still upon earth two sensible and virtuous hearts.

They came to London where Susannah was soon considered as the most charming and amiable wo-

man: She served as a model to the ladies, and proved by her beauty and manners, that the graces and virtues are oftener cherished in villages than in cities. She went constantly every year to visit the miserable cot. where Thaley and Windham found her. There she would pay the tribute of a tear, and those tears gave new force to her sentiments. The image of poverty always brings us back to modesty and humanity, on whose foundations all the other virtues rest.

Thaley, despised, dishonoured, and miserable in himself, while united to the daughter of Lord Dawson, owed in some measure a second existence to a farmer's daughter. Pure love conducts us to the duties of a man, a citizen, and a subject: He entered into the military service he had quitted, distinguished himself there, and obtained the first employments. Lord Dirton himself, before his death, acknowledged his severity and injustice: He made a kind of public reparation to James and Susannah, left Thaley his heir, and expired in the arms of his niece. James lived to a good old age, and Susannah had several children, who merited the tenderness of their parents, the esteem of all that knew them, and the applause of posterity.



The History of FLORIO and FIDELIA.

F LORIO, a young gentleman of good family, possessed not of a large, but of an easy fortune, and endowed with every virtue that could render both himself and another happy in a married state, had long paid his addresses to the fair Fidelia, the daughter of a gentleman in that neighbourhood, whose agreeable behaviour, universal good humour, and affability, joined to one of the most amiable persons, and an innocent simplicity natural to herself alone, had so gained on his yet unwounded heart,

that he found he could not live without being put in full possession of her charms; and his infinite worth, pleasing manner, and unaffected politeness had raised an equal passion in her breast. He made application to her parents, who very readily gave their consent.

In the mean time Malvolio, a man of a larger fortune than Florio, but who had as many bad qualities as he had good ones, likewise made pretensions to her favour. But her father, who was a man of too much sense, and who had too much regard for the real happiness of his daughter not to give the preference of Florio's superior merit, hurried up the match as soon as possible, in order to put it out of Malvolio's power to influence her to his advantage.

The nuptials were accordingly celebrated with an universal and unfeigned joy on all sides and the day following was appointed for the bride and bridegroom to go down to a country seat of Florio's near the sea side. The disappointed rival, who had secret intelligence of every thing that passed, resolved to make use of this opportunity to put one of the blackest designs in execution. He laid an ambuscade for them in an unfrequented road they were to go through and attended by ten ruffians armed with carbines and cutlasses, attacked the coach they were in. Florio defended himself with the greatest bravery, and presently laid four of them dead at his feet; but overpowered by numbers at last he fell, and with all his servants slain around him, was left for dead: At this sight the wretched Fidelity fainted away, and in that condition was hurried along, and carried on board a vessel, which the vile assassin had got ready, and which immediately set sail for France.

As soon as they arrived thither he offered to marry her; but she with the greatest contempt and disdain rejected his offer, telling him she would sooner die than submit to what was worse than death, the em-

braces of her husband's murderer; her rage and grief adding thereto the most opprobrious terms she could make use of, which so enraged him, that he told her she was now in his power, that he would give her but three days to consider of it, and, if she did not in that time come to reason, he would then make use of force to obtain what he now asked as a favour. In vain were all her tears, prayers, and intreaties for a longer respite; he would hear no more, but left her in the greatest depth of agony and despair. Often did she think of putting an end to her wretched life before the expiration of the time allowed her and as often did her virtue and piety restrain her from committing so great a crime; when at length an innocent stratagem presented herself to her mind which was (having got over one of her tyrants servants by presents and intreaties to favour her design) to take a medicine, which, without doing her any farther mischief, would throw her so sound a sleep, that she should seem in all outward appearance dead; this she did, and Malvolio, who imagined she had poisoned herself, finding himself again frustrated in his base designs, and fearing he might be brought to trouble on suspicion of having murdered her, had her buried as privately as possible; after which the servant, who had been entrusted with the secret, took care to have the tomb and coffin opened, before the effect of the medicine could be quite over; and Fidelia, by his assistance, and under the covert of the night, presently got out of the territories of France, and fled to Holland.

As those who have no sense of honour, cannot have any notion of the more refined and noble sentiments of love to their country, Malvolio, who was now afraid to come to England on account of Florio's murder, immediately entered himself in the French army, which was then going to Flanders, in

order to garrison some towns, which was expected the English troops, at that time embarking, intended to besiege, where let us leave him and return to England.

Some gentlemen riding by the place where Florio and his servants lay, gave notice of it at the next village, brought people thither, and had them all carried to an inn, whither a surgeon was sent for to examine them, who found they were all quite dead, excepting Florio, in whom small signs of life appeared.

They put him in a warm bed, had his wounds dressed, and in a fortnight's time he was so perfectly recovered as to be able to remove to his own house. When he made all possible enquiry after Malvolio and Fidelia. He presently found they were gone to France, wherefore he sent letters thither for intelligence; but how great was his grief and surprize, when by the answers that were returned him, he found Malvolio was there, but that nobody had seen or knew any thing of Fidelia; he presently concluded that he must have ravished and murdered her, and painted every circumstance in his mind, under the most shocking and horrid appearances that the most cruel barbarity could invent or imagine.

Not being able to bear life without her, resolving to be revenged of the villain who had deprived him of her, and hearing that Malvolio was enlisted in the service of the king of France, he settled his affairs here, and bought a commission in the English army, at that time under the command of the Duke of Marlborough.

He behaved with the greatest bravery in several engagements, and in one it chanced to be his lot to meet with Malvolio, when it pleased the almighty

director of all things, who never fails to punish those whose long continued course of wickedness has justly drawn his wrath upon them, to put his avenging sword in Florio's hand. Honour, revenge, and detestation of Malvolio's crimes, added to a deep despair and disregard for his own safety, guided his arm so surely, that though his antagonist was as good a swordsman as any in the French army, he could not oppose the fury of his first attack, but presently received a mortal wound; he fell, and, finding his end approaching, he then too late was brought to a just sense of his guilt, implored forgiveness of Florio, told him his wife was dead, but assured him she died unspotted, and expired.

Fidelia, in the mean time, having got safe to Holland, and taken lodgings there till she could find a convenient opportunity of returning home, but in the greatest grief for the loss of her husband, had sent letters to her relations in England to let them know she was still living; and they had likewise remitted orders to the packet-boat for her and Florio, to let them know respectively of each other's fortune, which had they received they might both have still been happy, and reaped the just reward of all their virtues; but unfortunately two or three mails being impeded by contrary winds, these letters came to neither of their hands.

Florio, being now perfectly assured from what Malvolio had told him, that his wife was dead, resolved to remain in the army; and although he durst not himself put an end to his wretched life, insupportable as it was to him without his dear Fidelia, yet he determined to expose himself to any danger where he might be able to lose it nobly in the service of his country.

However, the army was now going into winter quarters, and the general had already assign'd to all the officers their respective lodgings, and his among the rest; but, when he came to the house which had been appointed for him, what object first should strike his ravished eyes, but his beloved, his faithful long lost wife! How vast and inexpressible was the great surprize and joy of both! How tender was the scene at first, but ah! at last, how fatal; they stood for a few minutes motionless; at length, as by some mutual impulse, they rush'd into each other's embraces; tears forc'd their way, where words could not find utterance; the sudden transport of an unexpected meeting, after so long having believed one another dead, was more than they could bear, and they expir'd in each other's arms without speaking a single word.

F I N I S.



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